

# NEWS BRIEFS

## AUSTRIA SEMESTER ABROAD PROGRAM OPEN FOR FALL

Brevard College's semester abroad program in Austria is still open to students for this fall. Dr. Charles Teague urges any interested students to come see him for more information on the program. M-G 104.

## NEW REGISTRAR NAMED AT BC

The Brevard College Registrar, Cheryl Hallowell, has decided to return to graduate school to pursue a doctorate in engineering. Taking the new position as of June 1 will be Joyce Jackson.

Dean of the College Dr. Clara Wood says of Hallowell, "In her roles as teacher and as registrar, Cheryl has been an asset. We have all benefited from her diligence, integrity and concern for faculty and students alike. We wish her success in her studies and in her career. We will miss her."

Of Jackson, a BC graduate and an instructor of English, Dean Wood says, "Joyce has had the 'Brevard College experience' as both a student and a faculty member. We are delighted that she has agreed to serve in a new capacity."

## EASTER VACATION LIBRARY SCHEDULE

The James Addison Jones Library announces its Easter 1990 schedule:

Thursday, April 12 -- 8 a.m. - 6 p.m.  
 Good Friday, April 13 -- 8 a.m. - 4:30 p.m.  
 Saturday, April 14 -- Noon to 4 p.m.  
 Easter Sunday, April 15 -- Closed  
 Monday, April 16 -- 8 a.m. - 10 p.m.

(Regular Hours)

## THEATRE CLASS PRESENTS COMEDY

Jonathan Crow's advanced acting class will present the Neil Simon comedy *Come Blow Your Horn* for three performances in the Barn Theatre.

The Simon classic about growing up in New York is set for 8:15 p.m. Friday and Saturday, April 27 and 28, and Sunday, April 29, at 3 p.m. The play is free. "Just walk in," says Crow.

The cast includes Bill Rhodes as Alan Baker, Kendra Hanson as Peggy, Tom Galup as Buddy Baker, Rachel Hawkins as Connie, Jeff Yellen as Mr. Baker and Chrissy Anderson as Mrs. Baker.

## SIMS HOSTS FINE ART AND CRAFT EXHIBITION

Brevard College will host the Third Annual Transylvania Fine Art and Craft Exhibition in the new gallery of Sims Art Center, May 21-May 4.

The presentors include the Transylvania Art Guild, the Transylvania Handcrafters Guild, the Connestee Camera Club, the Connestee Art League and the Brevard Camera Club. The annual event is sponsored by the Transylvania County Arts Council and the Transylvania Times.

Cash and purchase awards of \$1,000 will be made. Jurors are Sydney Cross and Mike Vatalaro, professors of art at Clemson University.

The event opens with a reception at Sims Art Center on Sunday, April 21, from 7 - 9 p.m.

## BE YOUR CLASS ALUMNI REP

All sophomores are members of the BC Alumni Association. There is an Alumni Brunch each year for the graduates on Saturday, May 12, before graduation. The purpose of the brunch is to officially welcome the candidates for graduation into the BC Alumni Association.

A Class Representative is needed from the Class of '90. During the next few weeks, graduating sophomores will be given the opportunity to nominate a classmate to represent them on the Board of Directors of the Alumni Association for a three-year term. The winner will be announced at the Alumni Brunch.

Last year's winner was Heather Conrad, representing the Class of 89. Alumni Association Director Betty Neale urges sophomores, "Be thinking about who you feel would best represent your Class."

-- from Clarion staff and BC News Bureau reports

## Coondog's Corner...

### Gym Weaver and a bike named Rosie

by Charles Koory  
 Clarion Columnist

Have you ever seen a house of cards? Each card is dependent on the other card. If one falls then the whole house of cards falls. Have you ever seen a really old Pinto? You wonder to yourself how the heck that bonded piece-o-hunk-o-junk is traveling down the road. Well, I've got something similiar to that deck of cards and that Pinto. It is a 1976 Kawasaki motorcycle whose name is Rosie.

This spring break Gym Weaver and I decided to stay in beautiful Brevard to work at Laurel Falls Restaurant. We could of gone to Florida, but our combined sense of negative intelligence and commitment compelled us to stay in Brevard. However, after the first weekend here we realized the boredom factor was going to be too high for us to stay the whole week. We decided to take measures that would get us down to Florida and get us out of the misery we were in.

We tried calling a friend of ours in Charlotte who wanted to go to Florida, but his mom wouldn't let him go to Florida. So Gym calls his mom in Charleston and asks if he can use the car that he bought with his own money and his mom says, "No way am I letting you guys take the car. I just don't think you guys are responsible enough."

Gym's sister hit the top of our list. She was in New Orleans and her car was sitting in Columbia. S.C. We called her from Brevard and begged to use her car. She was pretty heartless. The inevitable doom was settling upon us. The motorcycle that was lucky to make it around the block was going to be our chariot to Florida.

So we packed all of our stuff in a duffel bag, threw it on the back of Rosie, and started our hell-bent trip to Florida. The riding was pretty smooth until we got to the interstate. At this time I said to Gym, "You know, I've never taken this thing on the interstate before." A truck passed us and I knew the reason why I had never taken Rosie on the interstate before.

When we got to Columbia we stopped at Gym's sister's apartment. We called and begged her to let us use her car. The key to the car was just sitting there within our grasps. She said no again. We were doomed. We reluctantly got back on the motorcycle and started our long trip down to Florida, stopping every two hours to get gas and eat, or vice-versa.

My birthday was Tuesday, March the 13th. We left Monday the 12th. I swore to myself that we would be in Florida by my birthday. We crossed into Florida at about 3 a.m. Tuesday morning. My rear end hurt, but I felt good. We had finally reached Florida.

We stopped in Yule, Fla., to stay the night. We slept at this dirt cheap motel called the "Pine Tree Motor Lodge." We were the only people staying at this hole in the wall. It didn't really matter, we were just happy to be off the road. All we could do was laugh at our ugly worn-out selves. It was good to laugh. The laughter saved us in the end.

In the morning we left Yule and headed towards Jacksonville. We went to a motorcycle repair shop to see if my motorcycle chain could be tightened. The guy who tightened the chain was really surprised that we made it down to Florida. He said he would be more surprised if we made it back.

After the bike was fixed we headed to Daytona to see if we would bump into anyone we knew. Daytona is pretty big so we figured we would ride down the beach and see if we could find anyone. Picture this, two guys on an old bike, with a bunch of stuff on the back, cruisin' down the beach. We knew we were cool. The coolest part was when we got stuck in some really soft sand. People just stared. We decided it was best to get off the beach pronto. We were going to leave Daytona and head to Orlando, but we called a friend and she told us where everyone was. We found familiar faces and decided to stay the night in Daytona.

Later, after consuming a few Pepsies, I hitchhiked up and down the strip visiting various friends from Brevard who were staying at different hotels. After a few hours of some really intense visiting, I decided to hitchhike down to see some more college people on the other side of the strip. This time I got a ride with a hippie driving a microbus. I asked him if he found what he was looking for in life. He said, "no." I said, "You'll find it someday, man." He just nodded his head in quiet reply. He dropped me off, and soon after this I went to my room to go to bed.

The next morning I went out to see how Rosie was doing. She didn't look too good. She had a flat back tire. So I pushed Rosie down the strip to the nearest gas station. People would yell really creative things at me like, "Get a real ride, man." I would reply, "Get a life, man." Guess I showed them, eh? We eventually got Rosie to a shop where they put a new tire on her. Things were not looking up -- not down, but just kind of there.

The next night, to say the least, was interesting. I decided I would hitchhike again. This guy pulls up in this really nice convertible BMW and offers to give me a ride. We get to talking, go by a 7/11, and drive around some. Then he says, "let's go to my apartment. It's right around the corner." This is when I put my fears to rest because I figured there was no way this guy was going to mess with a guy as

Turn to Page 10